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WHO'S AFRAID?

A

7K

FOR A R I C E

ONE ACT

S O N G S.

By Sir Arch & Paul Doddrell.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXVII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

SIR NEPTUNE TOPSAIL.
GENERAL OLYMPUS.
JEMMY WHIM.
FRANKLOVE.

W O M E N.

LADY TOPSAIL.
MARIA, Daughter of General Olympus.
CHARLOTTE, Daughter of Sir Neptune.

SERVANTS, PARSON, &c. &c.

W H O ' s A F R A I D ?

A

F A R C E.

.....

SCENE. *A Room in General Olympus's house.
Maria discovered reading—Rises.*

S O N G.

M A R I A.

A V A U N T ! ye prudes, whose artful eyes
Your inward sentiments disguise ;
Whose tutor'd lips your thoughts conceal,
And stifle what your bosoms feel ;
Whose hearts assume unnat'ral state,
And man, for whom you're made, would hate.

II.

My sparkling eye and blushing cheek,
With artless innocence shall speak ;
My tongue shall never fear t' impart,
Unfeign'd, the language of the heart ;
And, gen'rous as a virgin can,
I'll ever treat a gen'rous man.

B

Enter

Enter Servant, shewing in Charlotte.

S E R V A N T.

Miss Topfail, Ma'am, to wait on you.

M A R I A.

Bless me! cousin Charlotte!

C H A R L O T T E.

I'm come to spend the day with you, Maria.

M A R I A.

Thank you, my dear; I never stood in need of company more in my life; I am the most unfortunate girl in the world—My father has just got a licence, and insists on my marrying Jemmy Whim to-day.

C H A R L O T T E.

To-day?

M A R I A.

Sir Neptune Topfail has put it into his head, that when once any thing of this nature is designed to take place, no time ought to be lost in concluding it, lest the parties should change their minds.

C H A R L O T T E.

I wish my father would keep himself at sea, and not bring his salt-water customs to interrupt us.

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

And I wish to God the peace had not brought home my father; he is much more fit to match his grenadiers than young ladies

C H A R L O T T E.

And what do you intend to do, cousin?

M A R I A.

Not have him, to be sure; I'll no more take my father's choice of a husband, than of a new gown. If Jemmy Whim were not a coxcombical puppy, his being my father's choice would be sufficient.

C H A R L O T T E.

But I fear you can marry nobody else. The time is so short, we have not an opportunity of contriving any means of escape.

M A R I A.

Stay—let me think—If we knew but a man—any man, though he were but a little handfomer than the Devil, so he were but a gentleman—

C H A R L O T T E.

But if you did know any man, how could you get to him, or he to you?—Nay, you could not send to him; the servants have orders neither to carry nor receive a letter, without ac-

quainting your father ; but that does not signify, since you know not to whom to send it.

M A R I A.

I have it, though—I'll try, however.

Enter General Olympus.

G E N E R A L (*calling out*).

Sturdy, Sturdy ! Zounds, where is that great monster ? I believe the family have lost their ears.—Sturdy, Sturdy—

Enter a Servant, marching slowly.

G E N E R A L.

March with this letter to Sir Neptune Top-fail's ; tell the servant that it comes from General Olympus, and must be given to his master with the utmost dispatch.—I expect, daughter, that you will be ready to receive Mr. Whim when he comes ; I am going to invite a few friends to your wedding, and shall bring my brother Sir Neptune, and his lady, back with me. Mr. Whim will be here presently, so you may settle about the dinner and other matters, with him.

M A R I A.

Yes, papa.

G E N E R A L (*aside*).

There's nothing like weighing a matter well, and then coming to the point at once. Sir
Nep-

Neptune was quite right ; girls, like an enemy,
are best brought to action by surprise.

S O N G.

G E N E R A L.

Whilst dread Bellona threatens from afar,
And Janus ope's the gates of war ;
The skilful general marches slow,
Unheeded, till he strikes the blow.

Then sudden comes,
With fifes and drums ;
Horses neigh,
Colours display
Defiance, fear, surprise ;
Cannons thunder,
Mines spring under,
Mortars hail,
Soldiers scale ;

And see, in ashes low, the city lies.

Would you marry your daughter of sixteen years,
Thus you must take her, 'twixt hopes and fears ;

(A lover's the same as a friend)

Ne'er tell her your plan,
Till you've fix'd your man,
Then wed her,
And bed her,

And all will go smooth at the nine month's end.

[Exit.

CHARLOTTE (*who has been looking out of the window*).

Is he gone, cousin?

M A R I A.

I hope so.

C H A R L O T T E.

Here's Mr. Franklove at the tavern window, looking for you.

W H I M (*speaking without*).

Don't let me detain you, General.

M A R I A.

Hush! I hear Whim's voice.

Enter Whim.

W H I M.

Ha! my Maria—Miss Charlotte, yours.—Well, Maria, though the General has given the word of command rather suddenly, we are prepared for him. I have bespoke a parson as I came along; and as the licence enables us to be married any where, the business is to be done at the parish church over the way. Every thing will be ready before dinner.

M A R I A.

Before dinner?

W H I M.

WHIM.

Yes, my dear ! you know I hate stirring after dinner. To be sure 'tis more in the *ton* to be married in the bedchamber, but as the General wishes it to be performed in a place of worship, I thought it was as well to have it done by day-light, and so save the expence of candles.

CHARLOTTE.

Bless me ! what an œconomist you are grown !

WHIM.

Yes ; now I am going to be married, and the cares of the world are coming upon me, I intend to turn over a new leaf.—Don't you envy your cousin's happiness, Miss Charlotte ?

CHARLOTTE.

Undoubtedly.

WHIM.

Not every girl could marry such a man as I am.

CHARLOTTE.

Surely it would have been more civil to have paid my cousin a compliment.

WHIM.

Quite the contrary ; nothing is so rude as to pay compliments to a person's face.

C H A R L O T T E .

So you speak in your own praise, because
you don't see yourself. Now I never do it, but
at the looking-glass.

S O N G .

C H A R L O T T E .

The flattering mirror tells such tales,
That fancy over sense prevails :

Here gleam the eyes

Blue as the skies ;

Tho' fish's far

More lucid are,

And duck's in thunder roll,

With fifty times the soul.

Here pouts the lip,

Kisses to sip,

Tho' breath transpire

To put out fire ;

And there the tap'ring wrist,

Tho' join'd to mutton-fist.

Nature, too kind,

Made us purblind,

When we behold,

In perfect mould,

Ourselves thus cast, complete,

Unconscious of deceit.

M A R I A .

M A R I A.

Pray, Mr. Whim, do you know one Mr. Franklove?

W H I M.

Yes, very well.

M A R I A.

What kind of a man is he?

W H I M.

A pretty so-so kind of a man for an Englishman.

M A R I A.

How?

W H I M.

He's moderately tall, but—

M A R I A.

But what?

W H I M.

And handsome, as 'tis thought, but—

M A R I A.

But does he want judgment?

W H I M.

No! they say he has good sense and judgment, but—

M A R I A.

But what?

W H I M.

W H I M.

How comes it that you know him ?

M A R I A.

If you'll promise not to tell my father, I'll tell you.

W H I M.

Upon honour.

M A R I A.

Nor make a quarrel of it ?

W H I M.

I never do of any thing ; 'tis all fun to me.

M A R I A.

Then he's your rival !

W H I M.

The devil he is !

M A R I A.

You know this house looks backwards into the yard of a large tavern, from whence Mr. Franklove once seeing me at the window, has often since attempted to climb in, by the help of a low building adjoining ; and indeed it has been as much as my maid and I could do, to keep him out.

W H I M.

Le Coquin !

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

For I detest him as much as I love you.

W H I M.

But what's to be done with this *Fanfaron*?—
He's at the tavern now ; I'll go to him,

M A R I A.

I thought what your promise would come to.

W H I M.

I'll not fight, I assure you ; I'll only rally
him a bit in my way.

M A R I A.

That's exactly what I wish ; 'twill be an ex-
cellent joke, and perfectly French.

W H I M.

So 'tis, the *veritable French method*. The
English, for want of wit, drive every thing to a
serious quarrel ; and if they afterwards would
make a jest of it, 'tis when it is too late ; for
a man cannot laugh when he is run through
the body.

S O N G.

W H I M.

I.

When honest John Bull is ruffled and vext,
He puffs and he frets, but he sticks to his text ;
If you still persevere, he will lay you a crown,
And if that will not do,—why, he knocks you
down.

Should

Should you rise,
 Damn your eyes !
 You must give him your word,
 With pistol and sword,
 You will meet in Hyde Park,
 Perhaps in the dark ;
 Where, with *Ha !* thro' your ribs, or with ball
 thro' your head,
 He sends you a surgeon, and walks home to
 bed.

II.

But Monsieur Soup-maigre, all frolic and gay,
 (If you but say yes, he will never say nay)
 Contradictions so flat, nor wagers so bubble,
 Nor money nor arguments banter, or trouble.
 Is he scorn'd ?
 Is he horn'd ?
 He looks in your face
 With sneer and grimace,
 Then simpers a rhyme,
 And, to minuet-time,
 Slides down,—one, two, three,—Garçon en
 aimable,
 And sings, *Vive la Bagatelle ! comme un
 diable.*

M A R I A.

M A R I A *and* C H A R L O T T E.

Ha, ha, that's the only way in the world.

W H I M.

I am going to the tavern now to say I shall not dine at the club to-day.

M A R I A.

Then you may put into execution the scheme which Charlotte and I have been contriving. Tell him this—That the lady whom he has so long courted from the great window in the tavern, is to be your wife this afternoon, unless he come to forbid the banns, for 'tis the last time of asking; and if he come not, let him hereafter for ever stay away, and hold his tongue.

W H I M.

Ha, ha, ha! A very good joke, by heavens!

M A R I A.

And if the fool should come, my cousin and I will give him his own, I warrant you—My gentleman shall be *satisfied* for good and all.

W H I M.

Excellent, faith! I'll tell him it; and you know I am the best at improving a jest.

M A R I A.

He'll deny, may be, at first, that he ever courted such a lady.

W H I M.

W H I M.

Yes, he'll certainly be ashamed of it; and I'll make him look so silly—

M A R I A.

This discovery, now, won't prejudice me in your esteem?

W H I M.

Say no more—but I'm afraid, if I should tell him that I'm to be married to you this *afternoon*, he won't come; now all the joke lies in his coming.

M A R I A.

Certainly; if he does *not* come, there will be no joke in it.

W H I M.

Well, leave it to me; I'll manage it—'twill be excellent, if he comes; and what is more, if your father finds he has been getting in at the window, he'll run him through the body as sure as he breathes—ha, ha, ha! devilish good, faith! perfectly French, in the true spirit of the French humbug. [Exit.

C H A R L O T T E.

Upon my word, Maria, you were not educated at a boarding-school for nothing.

M A R I A.

Was not the thought admirable? Franklove will come as sure as fate—I'm certain he'll take the hint. Pray come and help me to get a few things ready to make my escape with him, if he'll take me.

C H A R L O T T E.

Yes, cousin, he'll take you; your fortune will make any man take you at a venture.

M A R I A.

Bless me! I never thought of that. I am sorry—

C H A R L O T T E.

At all events, however, he's better than Whim.

M A R I A.

True—come then; by the time we have done, we may be looking for him at the window. [Exeunt.

.....

SCENE *changes to a Room in Sir Neptune Topsail's house. Enter two or three Footmen, walking across the stage, and Lady Topsail following.*

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

Is the chair ready, Tom?

S E R-

S E R V A N T.

Yes, my Lady ; and the chair looks as much like your own, as the Countess of Sedan's does. Her men, to be sure, are tall Irishmen, both of the same size ; but our great coats would not fit Irishmen ; so I have picked up two tight Welch ponies, who will trot away with your Ladyship in a trice.

Enter Sir Neptune Topsail.

S I R N E P T U N E.

What's all this, Lady Topsail ?

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

Because you won't allow me a coach, Sir Neptune.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And because I will not allow you a coach with two horses, you must have a chair with four men.

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

To be sure, and with twelve, if I had a mind. Would you have me ride in a hackney, or trape on foot ? Since you have not spirit enough to make any distinction of me, by a carriage, I am determined to make one of myself, by a chair.

S I R

SIR NEPTUNE.

Well, I don't know what you would have. You go where you please, and come when you please, live how you please, and do what you please, have money when you please, and yet I can never please you.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Therefore, I'll have those who can.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I suppose you have—

LADY TOPSAIL.

'Tis fit I should. Did not you promise me, when I married you, that I should live like what I was?

SIR NEPTUNE.

A beggar.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Did not I marry you when I could have had—

SIR NEPTUNE.

Nobody else.

LADY TOPSAIL.

The very best of quality; and yet you deny me a sneaking hundred a year for a coach, which every little tradesman keeps his wife a twelvemonth, though he breaks at the year's end. I dare say when our daughter Charlotte grows up—

C

SIR

SIR NEPTUNE.

Grows up ! why the girl has been marriageable these three years, though you still keep her in a white frock, as they do the young chickens of fifty in King's Place.

LADY TOPSAIL.

'Twill be time enough for her to come out some years hence. Do you think I will be followed about by a tall girl, like the mistress of a boarding-school ? I am resolved she shan't appear in public, till I have left off dancing minuets myself.

SIR NEPTUNE.

There again ! At your time of life to think of exposing yourself in a minuet ! And now I think of it, I verily believe that all the money you spent last winter, was on some dancing master or other, to teach you to stand *on one leg*.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Suppose it was ? I was always brought up to it. I dare say you would have me like our neighbours over the way, who were daughters perhaps of haberdashers.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I would have you, Lady Topsail, not ashamed of me.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Then you must keep me a coach.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I tell you I won't.

LADY TOPSAIL.

The apothecary, next door, keeps one for his wife.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Which his neighbour's wife pays for.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Pray, Sir Neptune, let me have a coach.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Not this year.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Shall I have one next?

SIR NEPTUNE.

I can't tell.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Then you won't say when I shall have this coach?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Perhaps never; or when there's another war.

LADY TOPSAIL.

I'll live on a biscuit, Sir Neptune—

S I R N E P T U N E .

But I won't, Lady Topsail. Nature gave us appetites that we might indulge them; but keeping a coach is a species of luxury that—

L A D Y T O P S A I L .

Unless you indulge *me* in, Sir Neptune, I say you are a mean, niggardly, dirty, naval-jew; and so you may walk or sail, if you please, I shall indulge myself in the luxury of a chair.

S I R N E P T U N E .

O vanity, vanity! In the cup of matrimony, thou art like vinegar in a cool tankard.

S O N G .

S I R N E P T U N E .

The married state, at best,
 Is like the troubled ocean,
 That knows no joy or rest,
 But ever is in motion ;
 Like this, it ebbs and flows,
 Has tides of neap and spring ;
 Now, nothing does, but blows,
 Now, kissing is the thing.
 Married life
 Is a strife,
 Heigh-ho !
 Above, below—

Yaw,

Yaw, yaw,
In the straw;
Children sprawl,
Gossips bawl;
And in vain you may curse,
When the devil's in your purse.
Should Madam barren prove,
Nor heed obstet'ric lay,
She still must shew her love
Of breeding, t'other way—
All night she'll shake the dye,
Or shuffle for an ace;
She'll paint, she'll — O fie!
To imitate her Grace—
Married life
Is a strife,
Heigh-ho!
Above, below;
Yaw, Yaw,
Go to law—
Divorce bill
Is a pill,
And in vain you may curse,
When the devil's in your purse.

Enter a Servant.

S E R V A N T.

A letter from General Olympus.

S I R N E P T U N E (*reads*).

“ Dear Brother,

“ I have come to a resolution of marrying
“ my daughter to Mr. Whim, this afternoon ;
“ and shall be with you soon after you receive
“ these dispatches, in order to conduct yourself
“ and Lady Topsail to assist at the ceremony :

“ From your affectionate

“ F A B I A N O L Y M P U S . ”

—So, so ! he is come to a conclusion at last ;
that’s more than I expected. My brother’s
profession has made him so slow and cautious,
that he takes as much time in performing any
common business of life, as he does to move
his army, when he is in fear of a mine springing
under him.

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

To be sure he has not the rashness of a tar.

S I R N E P T U N E.

Rashness, Lady Topsail ? We scorn the im-
putation. It is our nature to be quick and
precipitate ; the sailor who deliberates, is un-
worthy

worthy that sublime element, whose very essence is motion and instability—Ha! brother Olympus!

Enter General Olympus.

GENERAL.

Sir Neptune, good day to you.—Sister, your most obedient; I'm here, you see, almost as soon as my aid-du-camp.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I see you are, General.

GENERAL.

I have wheeled about this morning, and been very expeditious.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I am glad to find it; in general you are rather slow in your operations.

LADY TOPSAIL.

There now;—well, I do say sea-faring folks have the worst manners—

GENERAL.

My brother and I, Lady Topsail, understand each other's language; we are both professional men, and have our particularities.

LADY TOPSAIL.

But the particularities of the army are very
C 4 different

different from the disgusting roughness of a tar.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I'll tell you what, Lady Topsail; if you say another word, I'll order you up to the yard-arm.

GENERAL.

No disputes to-day, I beg; it will be such a bad specimen of matrimonial life to give my daughter.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Ay, poor girl; she little knows what she may meet with. Though I must own I have a tolerable opinion of young Whim—

GENERAL.

I am glad of it, my Lady; you must be a judge, if judgment in husbands is to be got from experience. I think you married six of my brother's daughters by his first wife, in a twelvemonth after you married him.

SIR NEPTUNE.

She!—If she had had any thing to do with it, I should have been allied to half the black-legs in town.—No, I thank you, I got them husbands myself, who can afford to keep them, and now I am sure they are safe off my hands; and as you are about to follow my example—

GENERAL

GENERAL.

I wish I may have done for the best—young Whim is not very clever, to be sure; but he is a gentleman, has money, and, I believe, is an honest man.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Make the most of him, then; for, damn me! if they are not as difficult to find as the longitude.

GENERAL.

Lady Topsail, shall I have the honour to attend you? By the time we get there, every thing will be ready for the wedding. Will your Ladyship give me leave—

LADY TOPSAIL.

I wonder how long it will be before Sir Neptune offers me his hand.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Stop her mouth, brother, for heaven's sake; take her away.—(*Exeunt General Olympus and Lady Topsail*) Which ever way I steer myself, she's perpetually raking me fore and aft. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to a Room in General Olympus's house; discovers Maria and Franklove; —Musical Instruments, Piana-forte and Fiddle.*

MARIA.

MARIA.

I must confess, Mr. Franklove, I have no right to accuse you of assurance, after the modesty you have discovered in getting in at the window. Pray who is to pay for the glass you have broken?

FRANKLOVE.

Your father might have made the window bigger, then, since he has so fine a daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her.

MARIA.

Well, I'll forgive you, for once.

FRANKLOVE.

And in token of it, let me kiss your hand.

MARIA.

I would let you kiss it; but I am afraid of your taking hold of me, and that you would carry me away.

FRANKLOVE.

Upon my word I won't.

MARIA.

You would, you would; I know you would.

FRANKLOVE.

I'll swear I would not, by—

MARIA.

M A R I A.

Nay, don't swear ; you will be more likely to do it then.

F R A N K L O V E.

Dear Maria, let me kiss your hand in token of your forgiveness, and my love.

M A R I A.

Why, do you love me ?

F R A N K L O V E.

How can you doubt it ?

S O N G.

F R A N K L O V E.

I.

Doubt the snow on the mount to be white,
Doubt the trees that you see in the grove,
Doubt the beams of the sun to be bright,
But, oh ! never doubt that I love.

II.

Doubt the counsel of truth can betray,
Or constancy's longing to rove ;
Doubt wisdom can lead you astray,
But, oh ! never doubt that I love.
Now will you let me kiss your hand ?

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

I am sure you would carry me away if I should.

F R A N K L O V E.

Don't be afraid ; I'll use no violence, upon my honour.

M A R I A.

What did you come in at the window for, if you did not mean to steal me ?

F R A N K L O V E.

If I should attempt it, you might call out, and I should be prevented.

M A R I A.

This is quite the back part of the house, and nobody could hear me ; besides, I know you came to steal me, because I am an heiress, and have twelve hundred pounds a year, left me by an uncle, out of my father's power.

F R A N K L O V E.

Twelve hundred pounds a year !

M A R I A.

And a woman who told my fortune said I should be stolen away, and described the man as like you as possible.

F R A N K-

FRANK LOVE.

Well, and what do you think of it? You know 'tis in vain to resist fate.

M A R I A.

'Tis so, indeed.

FRANK LOVE.

Come then, my love, let me steal you; we have an excellent opportunity, the window is yet open.

M A R I A.

No, no; if I went, I should choose to go for good and all; but my father will come presently, and may quickly overtake us—besides, now I think on't, you are a stranger to me, and I know not where you would carry me.

FRANK LOVE.

To Scotland, my dear girl: and 'tis the most fortunate thing in the world, I have now at the tavern door a post-chaise and four, waiting for me.

M A R I A.

Then 'tis plain you intend to carry me away; for a post-chaise and four, though there were not another man in it but the postillions, would carry away any girl of my age in England.

FRANK-

FRANK LOVE.

Then you will go?

M A R I A.

What young woman of spirit could ever say
no to a post-chaise and four? 'tis not in the
power of sixteen to resist it.

S O N G.

M A R I A.

I.

You may talk of soft passion, and love's potent
dart,
To rob a weak maid of an unguarded heart;
Affection is poor, and love's dart of no force is,
Compar'd with fine gowns, and a coach and
six horses.

II.

Ye soldiers so brisk, and ye courtiers so gay,
Who think to maintain us on sixpence a day;
A kiss will not purchase or stockings or habit,
Nor the fuel of love roast a lark or—Welch-
rabbit.

III.

Your beauty it is not, nor eyes darting fire,
It is not your wisdom, ye men, we admire;
By prudence enlighten'd, a husband we wed,
By the length of his purse, not the length of
his head.

IV. We

IV.

We laugh in our sleeve at the am'rous gallant,
While to Scotland we fly for the sake of the
jaunt;

And if we repent, it has long been confess'd,
That in coach and six horses, repentance is best.

V.

An equipage grand is the joy of our life,
Where's the woman for that, who would not be
a wife?

For myself, in post-chaise I would visit the moon,
And if horses can't fly, I can mount a balloon.

FRANK LOVE.

Come then, my angel.

M A R I A.

You are sure, though, it is a post-chaise and
four?

FRANK LOVE.

Upon my honour; pray let us take the opportunity,
lest your father should return.

M A R I A.

Indeed, old relations are apt to take the ill-
bred freedom of pressing into young company
at unseasonable times.

. FRANK-

FRANK LOVE.

True, my dear; let us therefore prevent it by escape—It grows late.

MARIA.

'Tis late, I think; besides I am not ready.

FRANK LOVE.

Your father will certainly surprise us.

MARIA.

Let him, if he will.

FRANK LOVE.

He'll hinder our design.

MARIA.

No he will not; for mine is to stay here.

FRANK LOVE.

You are in joke?

MARIA.

No.

FRANK LOVE.

You were for going, just now.

MARIA.

I was then in the humour.

FRANK LOVE.

And have you changed so soon?

MARIA.

'Tis five minutes ago.

FRANK-

FRANK LOVE.

Then you are not five minutes in the same humour?

M A R I A.

I thought you had been a man of the world.

FRANK LOVE.

And you really will not go with me, after all?

M A R I A.

No indeed, Sir; but your loss will not be so great. I'll be ingenuous with you; I am no heiress, nor have I twelve hundred pounds a year. Now you will part with me, I dare say.

FRANK LOVE.

I wish I could; 'tis now too late.

M A R I A.

Would you be such a fool as to steal a woman who has nothing?

FRANK LOVE.

I'll convince you, for you shall go with me; and since you are twelve hundred pounds a year the lighter, you'll be the easier carried away. (*Takes her up in his arms.*)

M A R I A.

Stop; since I find you would take me without any portion (an infallible sign of true love), here's my hand in good earnest, and you may

D

carry

carry me where you please. I have the twelve hundred pounds, out of my father's power, which is yours, and I am sorry it is not the Indies, for your sake.

FRANK LOVE.

My dear Maria, you but increase my fears, not my wealth ; I desire but to be secure of you.

D U E T.

FRANK LOVE *and* MARIA.

I.

Golconda's gems, Potofi's mines,
Of wealth no source would prove ;
Gold has no weight, nor diamond shines,
Deprived of her [*him*] I love.

II.

In her [*him*] what kings alone command,
What fairs have wish'd, is given ;
The rod of empire's in her [*his*] hand,
Her [*his*] mind itself is heaven.

Enter Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE.

O dear cousin, here's *your* father and *my* father,
and all the whole family, coming up stairs.

FRANK-

FRANKLOVE.

The devil! What's to be done?

M A R I A.

Pray don't leave me; I'll invent something.

*Enter General Olympus, Sir Neptune, and Lady
Topsail.*

G E N E R A L.

Hey day! who have we here? The young
ladies and a man?

M A R I A (*aside to Franklove*).

Take no notice of them. (*She hums a tune.*)

G E N E R A L.

So merry are you?

M A R I A.

Ha! papa, are you returned? Good morning
to your Ladyship.—Uncle, your most obedient.

G E N E R A L.

Who is he, Maria?

M A R I A.

Mr. Soprano, the Italian singing-master, papa.

F R A N K L O V E (*aside*).

Italian! Zounds, I can't speak a word of the
language!

G E N E R A L.

A singing-master?

D 2

S I R

SIR NEPTUNE.

Let me see him. (*puts on his spectacles*) He does not look like an Italian, I'm sure.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Plha! Sir Neptune, how should you know an Italian?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Not by what he *has*; but by what he *wants*. Besides, he does not look like a master of any thing.

GENERAL.

Nay brother, finging-masters and dancing-masters all look like gentlemen now-a-days; but how came he here?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Ay—how came he here?

LADY TOPSAIL.

How should he come here, but upon his legs?

SIR NEPTUNE.

So, she has put an excuse into his head; but ask him, brother.

GENERAL.

My daughter says you are an Italian finging-master, Sir.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

SIR

SIR NEPTUNE.

How does it appear?

M A R I A.

There are the music books on the table, and the instruments we have been playing on.

SIR NEPTUNE.

That's Jemmy Whim's fiddle, and I'll swear to it.

M A R I A.

He lent it to Mr. Soprano, uncle.

G E N E R A L.

That may be, to be sure.

SIR NEPTUNE.

But how came he here without my brother's knowledge?

M A R I A.

Mr. Whim sent him, because he wished me to recover my singing a little before we were married; so I have taken several lessons. Mr. Whim told you of it the other day; don't you remember, uncle?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Not I, faith.

M A R I A.

Indeed, uncle, you grow old; you sometimes fail you.

L A D Y T O P S A I L .

I have told him so a long time.

M A R I A .

Cousin Charlotte, did not *you* hear Mr. Whim say so?

C H A R L O T T E .

Yes, cousin, upon my honour.

S I R N E P T U N E .

Then it is a lie, you may be sure; pray question the man a little more.

G E N E R A L .

I will; there's nothing like being cautious. My daughter says you are an *Italian*, Sir.

F R A N K L O V E .

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

G E N E R A L .

And a singing-master.

F R A N K L O V E .

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

S I R N E P T U N E .

A damn'd odd singing-master, if he sings no better than he speaks; but if so, let us hear him sing.

G E N E R A L .

True, brother. Pray, Sir, favour us with a song.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

M A R I A.

Mr. Soprano does not sing himself; he only teaches to sing, papa.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

S I R N E P T U N E.

All false; I am certain this man is an impostor by his stammering so damnably.

M A R I A.

He does not speak English, uncle.

S I R N E P T U N E.

Nor Italian either, as far as I see.

M A R I A.

Because he labours under an impediment in his speech.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And so teaches to sing because he can't talk.

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

For shame, Sir Neptune, to harbour such suspicions; the gentleman is a singing master, and I have often heard of him.

G E N E R A L.

Well, well; if he does not *sing*, he must be able to *play*; one of these instruments will

surely suit his hand. Let us see whether his *fingers* are not more glib than his *tongue*.

FRANK LOVE.

O the devil !

SIR NEPTUNE.

Suppose he plays us a tune on the piano forte, and Maria gives us a song, till Mr. Whim comes.

M A R I A.

He does not play on the piano forte, uncle.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I thought so.

G E N E R A L.

Then give him the fiddle, and let us have a scrape.

FRANK LOVE (*aside*).

I'm in a scrape enough, already.

M A R I A.

There is not time now ; I have finished my lesson, and he is in a hurry.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Don't believe it, brother ; this is all a sham. Insist on a tune, to be convinced who he is.

M A R I A.

Come then, Mr. Soprano, we'll play the favourite air in the last new opera ; tune your fiddle (*strikes the piano forte*) if you please.

FRANK-

FRANKLOVE (*aside to Maria*).

I don't know a note.

MARIA (*aside*).

Seem to tune it, and break the strings.

(*Franklove tunes the fiddle, and breaks the strings.*)

FRANKLOVE.

Damn the strings!

SIR NEPTUNE.

He swears in plain English, however; but he broke the strings on purpose, because he can't play. No, no; that's not the long bow he is used to, I am sure.

GENERAL.

Sir, I must tell you this seems very odd; I insist, therefore, on your proving to me immediately who you are, why you came here; or I shall be obliged to treat you in a way that won't be so agreeable.

FRANKLOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

GENERAL (*calling*).

Who waits there? (*Enter Servant*) Who let this person in?

SERVANT.

I never saw his face before, Sir.

GENERAL.

G E N E R A L.

How did he come into the house, then ?

S I R N E P T U N E.

At the window; witness the breaking of the glass.

G E N E R A L.

If so, he shall go out at the window, that's all.

M A R I A.

Indeed, papa, Mr. Whim sent him.

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

And surely he would not send a gallant to the lady he is going to marry, and on the wedding-day too.

S I R N E P T U N E.

I don't know that; depend on it, there is some damn'd trick in this, by his *stammering*.

W H I M (*without*).

Order the carriage to wait at the door.

G E N E R A L.

Now we shall know the truth.

Enter Whim, and a Parson.

W H I M.

Every thing is ready, General; I have brought the parson.

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

Here's a terrible buffle, Mr. Whim; my father and uncle won't believe this gentleman was sent here by you.

W H I M (*laughing*).

Ha, ha, ha! Yes he was—O yes; I sent him, upon honour.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And what's his business?

W H I M.

Business!

M A R I A.

Is not he a singing-master?

W H I M.

O yes, he's a singing master.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And sings delightfully?

W H I M.

Like a sky-lark.

S I R N E P T U N E.

There, there—Does not that satisfy you?

W H I M.

The devil eat me if he is not the first singing-master in London.

G E N E R A L.

You know him very well?

W H I M.

W H I M.

Yes, General; no man better.

G E N E R A L.

And you sent him to my daughter?

W H I M.

I did, indeed.

G E N E R A L.

How long ago?

W H I M.

Not an hour.

S I R N E P T U N E.

There again; Maria said she had had several lessons. Come, come, brother, beware in time.

W H I M (*aside*).

This damn'd old fellow will spoil the joke.

G E N E R A L.

I must own 'tis strange he should have given her several lessons, and I not heard of it before.

S I R N E P T U N E.

How should you? he makes no noise, you find. He neither sings, nor plays, nor speaks. He teaches something else, depend upon it.—He'll do't—

W H I M.

Let him do it.

S I R

SIR NEPTUNE.

He'll wrong you.

WHIM.

Let him wrong me; what's that to you?

SIR NEPTUNE.

You shall *not* be wrong'd.

WHIM.

I will—

SIR NEPTUNE.

You shall *not*; nor shall the fellow stir out of the room, till I know the truth.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Indeed, Sir Neptune, you grow ridiculous; if you would but give the gentleman time to speak for himself—

SIR NEPTUNE.

Time to speak? why he has been here several times, you are told, and has not yet got out a word.

GENERAL.

If he has any thing to say for himself, let us have it, however.

WHIM (*aside to Franklove*).

Why don't you tell them some lie or other?

FRANKLOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

MARIA.

MARIA.

You know how poor Mr. Soprano stammers.

WHIM.

O zounds! I forgot his stammering.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Yes, yes; he is the dishonourer of your daughter, brother.

WHIM.

Do you think, now, I would tell you a lie?

GENERAL.

I tell you what, Mr. Whim; you are going to be my son-in-law, but if it prove to be a lie, I will disown both you and my daughter, for your folly and treachery to *yourselves*, as well as to me. You may have *her*, and her fortune; but not a shilling of mine, so look to it.

WHIM (*aside*).

Zounds! I must look to it; the joke will turn against me, else.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Now, brother, you have acted like a man of spirit.

WHIM (*aside*).

Yes, I must confess—They dare not kill him before the parson. Well, General, rather than
lose

lose your favour, I must confess he is no singing-master.

SIR NEPTUNE.

There, there; 'tis out at last.

FRANK LOVE (*aside to Maria*).

He has betrayed us; (*going up to Whim*)
and now a thought strikes me—

SIR NEPTUNE (*running to the door*).

Nay, Sir, if you pass that way, my cane
shall pass this way, do you see.

MARIA.

Oh! hold, Sir Neptune.

GENERAL (*to Franklove*).

How dare you, Sir?

WHIM.

Indeed, General, there's no harm; he came
here on a frolick of mine and your daughter.

GENERAL.

The dishonour of your wife may be a frolick
to you, Sir; but my daughter—

WHIM.

'Tis all a jest—a mere jest, upon my soul,
General.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Don't put up with it, brother.

GENERAL.

G E N E R A L .

A jest ! Jest with my honour ! Who waits there ? run for a constable.

(The General draws his sword, and stands at the opposite door to Sir Neptune; they advance by degrees towards Franklove.)

W H I M .

Nay then, if you come to this, by the same rule of honour, I must help him, as I brought him into the scrape. There, Mr. Franklove, go into that room ; I'll secure both you and Maria ; and, parson, do you go with them, for I see you are damnably afraid both of a sword and a cudgel.

(Maria, Franklove, Charlotte, and Parson, go into the back scene, whilst Whim, having drawn his sword, keeps off the General, and Lady Topsail keeps off Sir Neptune with her fan.)

Now, gentlemen both, I beg you would hear reason.

L A D Y T O P S A I L *(aside)*.

If Sir Neptune does, I shall not despair of my coach, at last.

S I R N E P T U N E .

Thou disgrace of thy country !

W H I M .

W H I M.

Pray have a little patience; suppose—I say suppose—he were what you suspect; and he had done——

G E N E R A L.

How, Sir?

W H I M.

I say, suppose—suppose—

S I R N E P T U N E.

Well, go on—you'll stammer next.

W H I M.

I say again, *suppose* he had; for I do but suppose it; ayn't I here ready to marry her? Now can't you suffer the shame but for one quarter of an hour, till the parson has joined us? and then, if there be any shame, it becomes mine; for the father has nothing to do with the daughter's business—honour—what do you call it? when once she is married.

S I R N E P T U N E.

Here's a fellow, for you!

G E N E R A L.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Whim, all this may be the ton, and very polite at the west end of the town, but in the army, Sir—

E

S I R

SIR NEPTUNE.

And in the navy, Sir—

GENERAL.

The least infringement on the laws of honour must be revenged.

SIR NEPTUNE.

To be sure.

GENERAL.

If, therefore, you do not perfectly explain this matter, to our satisfaction, I must insist on your fighting that gentleman, before you marry my daughter; for, let me tell you, I would sooner fire into my daughter's grave, than see her married to a man, who would hold the door whilst his friend dishonoured him.

SIR NEPTUNE.

In the first place, who is he?

GENERAL.

Ay, who is he?

WHIM.

His name is Franklove.

SIR NEPTUNE.

A damn'd name!

WHIM.

He's a gentleman of fortune.

GENERAL

And what brought him here?

SIR NEPTUNE,

What brought him here?

WHIM.

I'll tell you—have but patience.—On my coming here, this morning, to settle every thing with Maria about our wedding, in the openness of her heart (for she knew I should not be jealous) she told me Mr. Franklove was my rival; that he had often taken notice of her from the tavern window, and that he had even attempted to get in, by the help of a low building adjoining.

SIR NEPTUNE,

I said he broke the glass.

WHIM.

At this, you may suppose, I was somewhat angry; but as Maria had previously made me promise to make no quarrel about it, she soon pacified me, by giving me leave to go, and rally him in my way; and in order for Maria to have *her* laugh too, I prevailed on him to get in at the window. I suppose she had led him into a fool's paradise.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And *you* not there ?

W H I M.

And almost made him believe, she would elope with him, when *you* came and spoilt the sport ; that's all, I assure you.

G E N E R A L.

But what will the gentleman say to all this, now he finds he has been made a dupe ?

W H I M.

We men of fashion, General, know how to settle these matters. If we fought every time we made fools of each other, our bodies would have as many holes as our coats have buttons ; we settle such disputes by wit, or retaliation.

G E N E R A L.

Well, well, every man in his way : if you understand each other, I am satisfied ; so call them out, and let us make all the reparation we can to the gentleman, by bidding him welcome to the wedding.

S I R N E P T U N E.

I dare say, though, he'll be bad company, he stammers so cursedly.

W H I M.

Ha, ha, ha ! that's part of the joke ; there's
not

not a more talkative fellow in St. James's parish.
Come, ladies and gentlemen, out with you;
your peace is made. (*going to the door.*) Hey!
no one answers; where the duce are you all?
Bless me, the birds are flown!

SIR NEPTUNE.

What! Blackbird and all?

WHIM.

Parson, and all, as sure as a gun.

GENERAL.

Where can they be? What's the matter,
now?

LADY TOPSAIL.

No harm can happen where the parson is.

GENERAL.

Zounds! I don't know *that*. Who waits
there? (*Enter Servant*) What's become of my
daughter, and the gentleman, and the parson?

SERVANT.

They went away in Mr. Whim's carriage, Sir.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Here's work for you.

GENERAL.

Is this a joke, too?

WHIM.

W H I M.

A damn'd bad one—O, here's the parson come back again. (*Re-enter Parson*) Well, Sir, where's Miss Maria and Mr. Franklove?

P A R S O N.

They will be here immediately—only stopt a few minutes at the gentleman's lodgings.

G E N E R A L.

My daughter gone with a gentleman to his lodgings?

P A R S O N.

Where's the harm, Sir?

S I R N E P T U N E.

Ay, ay; he would have taken her to his own lodgings, I dare swear.

P A R S O N.

If I had been in the gentleman's situation—

W H I M.

He's a wit, Sir Neptune; this must be some joke.

P A R S O N.

Quite the contrary; marriage is a very serious thing. I am sure *Miss cried*, as if she thought so.

W H I M.

What Miss? when? where?

P A R S O N.

P A R S O N.

Miss Maria, just now, when I married *them*.

G E N E R A L.

Whom have you married, friend?

P A R S O N.

The couple I came to marry; Miss Maria Olympus, and Charles Franklove, Esq. I think the gentleman subscribed himself.

W H I M.

You have made a confounded blunder. *I* was to have been married to Miss Maria.

S I R N E P T U N E.

He'd make twenty such blunders, for five guineas, at any time.

W H I M.

Did I hold the door for this?

G E N E R A L.

You perfectly deserve it.

W H I M.

What a fool I have made of myself!

S I R N E P T U N E.

Yes; I said he would do it.

G E N E R A L.

O, here they come. (*Enter Maria, Franklove, and Charlotte*) Spare your kneeling, Maria, the parson has anticipated the whole story.

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

And we hope for your forgiveness.

G E N E R A L.

Ask it of Mr. Whim ; he is most injured.

F R A N K L O V E.

My dear Whim, I ask you ten thousand pardons ; but I could not help it—you put temptation in my way, and when you reflect you would have done the same thing to me, you cannot be angry. Come, come, don't look serious ; your vanity will be gratified in making a good story of it.

S I R N E P T U N E.

He speaks pretty plainly now.

W H I M.

I see my error too clearly ; I thought myself perfectly secure of Maria's affections, and have lost her by indiscretion and neglect.

L A D Y T O P S A I L (*aside to Sir Neptune*).

I wish, Sir Neptune, we could get Mr. Whim for Charlotte. When she's off I shall have the coach. (*aside.*)

S I R N E P T U N E.

Not a bad hint. Well, Mr. Whim, since this matter seems to be settled, what say you to repairing the loss of my niece by taking Charlotte ? she is a good girl, and though not so rich,

rich, she may have some perfections to counter-balance the scale.

W H I M.

Indeed, Sir Neptune, I should think myself extremely flattered by the lady's good opinion, after the folly which I have just discovered. To shew her, therefore, that a reformation may make me worthy of her choice *hereafter*, I beg leave to have a little time to consider the matter seriously and deliberately. The misfortune which has just happened to me, has been occasioned by the conceit of good qualities, which, I fear, I do not possess. Let me profit by experience; and learn to *win* a woman's affections, by never thinking myself too *secure* of them.

F I N A L E.

CHORUS (*repeated after each stanza*):

In love, who feels himself secure,
Too often stands at peril's door;
Seize then the urchin, whilst he's kind,
For love, like time, is bald behind.

G E N E R A L.

Courtship is like a well-fought field;
If either wing incline to yield,
Your boldest efforts there display,
And conquest crowns the glorious day.

F

S I R

S I R N E P T U N E.

The sailor thus, tho' angry gales,
Of ship, or Susan, rend the sails ;
If courage at the helm preside,
With vigour stems both wind and tide.

W H I M.

Learn hence, ye wits, that none but fools
Attempt to meddle with edg'd tools ;
Nor think to ravish maiden hearts,
By over-valuing your parts.

M A R I A.

And you, ye fair ones, warn'd by me,
Assert your right and liberty ;
Nor listen to the base command,
Without your heart, to yield your hand.

F R A N K L O V E.

So shall you know, without alloy,
Those tender hopes, that perfect joy,
Which love and friendship but bestow ;
The choicest gifts of heaven below.

Chorus repeated.

T H E E N D.

